Of you my noble cooſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lo. Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
*Qu.* A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſouereigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
*Glo.* Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus ſcorned in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his corſe.
*Riu.* Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
*Qu.* All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
*Buck.* Looke I ſo paile Lo. Dorſet as the reſt?
*Dor.* I my good Lo. and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
*Kin.* Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerſt.
*Glo.* But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to ſee him buried:
God grant that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*
*Dar.* A boone (my ſoueraine) for my ſeruice done.
*Kin.* I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
*Dar.* I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
*Kin.* Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt.
*Dar.* The forfait ſoueraigne of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

20 pale 25 wingled



*Kin.* Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the field by Teuxbery,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numbcold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defaſte
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I vngratious ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings help me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence,
*Glo.* This is the fruit of raſhneſs: markt you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*